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stories are of Whistler getting the better in a contest of wits; this one shows him overwhelmed. Mortimer Mompes took "the master" to see a cranky old lady of his acquaintance but warned him to be careful: "O," said James the magnificent in his airy, butterfly way, "when she sees the Master she will be silent." Whistler was presented:

"Is *this* the master?" she said, in a voice that made me creep.

"Yes," I somewhat quaveringly replied.

"Oh!" she said, "there's some mistake here; this surely isn't, it simply *can't* be the master—the master of whom I have heard for so many years! *This!* Why, the very idea is preposterous!"

Whistler was furious. "Madam!" he screamed.

"Silence!" thundered the old lady. "Jane, the wind is in the east." Jane stepped forward and fixed the arrow in the direction indicated. "And when the wind's in the east, Mr. Whistler, that means silence."

"But, madam, this is simply——"

But he got no farther. Black with passion, our old hostess screamed out:

"Jane, the wind's northeast!" Again Jane fixed the arrow as requested. "And when the wind's in the northeast it means the interview is at an end."

"This is outrage, madam, an outrage to the master," whimpered the crushed and broken artist.

"Give me your arm, Jane," said the old lady, "and I will go out east by nor'-nor'-east," she added, as, assisted by the maid and the butler, she made her slow progress from the room, carefully facing E.N.N.E., although her doing so involved an extremely uncomfortable crooked and tortuous and crab-like motion and attitude of body.

Whistler, too amazed to speak, and indeed too frightened, whispered to me:

"I suppose we go out east, too."

The sharp-eared old lady overheard him.

"You can please yourself, Mr. Whistler; you can go out north or south or east or west or all four together if you wish. I pray you stand not on the order of your going, so long as you go. Ha-ha!" she cried, in the accents of transpontine melodrama. "Ha-ha! the master has met with his Waterloo!"

Whistler said one word only as we found ourselves in the windy street, and one only, "Amazing!"

The question naturally comes to one: did Mortimer Mompes, weary of the "ragging" he got from his master, arrange this little scene beforehand with his eccentric "ladifren"? It looks that way—or else it's an anodyne like some of Jimmy's own.

DUTCH vs. ITALIAN PICTURES

Insistence on the humbleness of the Holy Family hardly tallied with the Christianity of the Renaissance or even with the psychology of the poor believer, who loves to dress up his gods as Magnificent Ones, for whom to adore is to adorn. Aristocracy is the note of Italian painting—the Holy Family takes formal precedence, but the Colonnas and the Medicis rank their families no less select. The outflowing of Dutch art was like the change from the airless Latin of the scholars to the blowy idioms with which real European literature began. Italian art expressed dignity, beauty, religion; Dutch art went back to life to find all these in life itself. It was the efflorescence of triumphant democracy of the Dutch Republic, surgent from the waves of Spain and Catholicism as indomitably as she had risen from the North Sea. Hence this sturdy satisfaction with reality. Rembrandt painted with equal hand ribs of beef and ribs of men. The Low Countries invented the fruit and flower-piece and the fish and game-piece. That Low Art hails from the nether lands is not a mere coincidence. Holland was less a country than a

piece of the bed of the sea to which men stuck like limpets. * * * * And so, never has earthiness found more joyous expression than in his pictures. What gay content with the colors of clothes and the shafts of sunshine and the ripe forms of women and the hues of meats and fishes! O the joy of skating on the frozen canals! O the jolly revels in village taverns! Hail the ecstasy of the Kermesse! "How good is man's life, the mere living." "It is a pleasant thing to have beheld the sun." These are the notes of Dutch art, which is like a perpetual grace to God for the beauty of common things. * * * * Even in the Dutch and Flemish images of doom I have thought to detect a note of earth-laughter, almost an irresponsible gaiety. *Israel Zangwill in "Italian Fantasies": Macmillan, 1910.*

"ART AND CITIZENSHIP"

Ian B. Stoughton Holborn of Merton College, Oxford University, begins in this number a series of articles on "Art and Citizenship" which we think readers will follow with pleasure and profit. Mr. Holborn is the author of "The Need for Art in Life," "Art and Beauty," "Architectures of European Religions," "Children of Fancy," a volume of poems, etc. Besides, he has lectured extensively in England and in this country with success.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—GREETING:

Most gratifying are the daily letters from subscribers who write to tell us of the coming into their home life of THE ART WORLD. Naturally it is not possible to reply to each and every one, much as we would like to do so. But we send this greeting, assuring them of our entire sympathy and our desire to keep in close touch with them as friend with friend.

We appreciate heartily every letter that comes to us discussing our work in the world, and, whether in kindly criticism or friendly commendation they speak, we want them to know that each letter is a stimulus and uplift.

Write us therefore, most honored subscribers, frankly and intimately, whenever you are pleased to so remember us. Tell us if you think we can make THE ART WORLD more helpful in the home and more inspiring in its text and illustrations; we want your suggestions.

The occasional reader, too, into whose hands THE ART WORLD may now and then fall, might also take the trouble, so we hope, to let us hear from him or her; for we crave advice; this magazine is a human document bearing a message which we trust may bring its own welcome.

THE EDITORS

NEW SNEDECOR GALLERIES

One of the oldest galleries for the sale of paintings in New York is the Snedecor founded by John Snedecor in 1852 at 749 Broadway. Continued by his son Charles Edward who died recently, it has changed its place once more under his successor E. C. Babcock. The Snedecor Galleries now occupy a house arranged for them, No. 19 East 49th Street, where a very attractive exhibition of American and Dutch pictures has been installed. There is a marvelous little "Macbeth and the Witches" by Albert